Westwords

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Height.

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed.

G. M. Hopkins

Height is everywhere. Here at the Mount, we see height all around us -- in the mountains, the eucalyptus, the chapel tower. And as we look over the achievements of our student writers, we realize that they have succeeded in exploring and expressing the "mountains" and "cliffs" of their imagination. In the nationwide Atlantic contest, the Mount took first place in poetry and third in essay. In the Cabrini contest, Mount writers merited seven out of nine prizes.

Atlantic National Contest

First Poem	Judy Krommer	"Kites"
Third Essay	Sister Mary Serra, S.N.D.	"Chiaroscuro in To the Lighthouse."
Honors	Colette Boland	"1984: Place, Time, Light"
Merit	Sr. Loretta, C.S.J.	"Two Motivies, Two Matches and a Woman".

Cabrini Contest

First Poem	Judy Krommer	"Kites"
First Story	Sue Donovan	"The Tryst"
Second Poem	Marylu Mattson	"On Fillipino Lippi's Self-Portrait" (in Westwords 4:3)
Second Story	Jeanette Kroger	"Half-Cadence"
Second Essay	Jane Luecke	"Characterization of Antigone"
Third Story	Peg Langhans	"Saffron and Plum" (in Westwords 4:3)
Third Essay	Maureen Curran	"Cabbage of Victory Mansions"

Honors: Helen Jaskoski, "What Frances Saw"; Celine Hatcher, "Going to go (perpe) go"; Marian Menges, "The Tragedy of Saul"; Helen Jaskoski, "The Gold Doubloon"; Marylu Mattson "Sonnet on writing a Flawed Sonnet"; Michele Mayotte, "The Gift".

In aiming for nothing less than the highest, Mount poets, critics and story writers have brought honor to their college, the Mount. We're proud of them.

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Blue Period

Picasso, one day you must have lain

and searched the sky to find

The blues that expressed life's pain

And were mirrored in design.

In the vastness lies a hurricane

Of color; periwinkle mixes rainbows

And pale moons; a vein

Of sunray pierces navy cloud-shadows.

Could not your artist spectrum train

Your heart to give permission

To more than cobalt colors, nor stain

Your brush into submission?

But then you changed the rain

Of indigo disconsolation

Into rosy expectancy; stormy slain

Azure admits sunset radiation

Renate Kerris '63

SECOND PRIZE - CABRINI
SHORT STORY DIVISION $100

Half-Cadence

Jeanette Kroger '64

The liquid crescendos of the jazzman's trumpet sent Renee's mind spiralling backward into the darkness of her soul. Confused recollections poured into her mind and eddied about in the stream of her thought. Her mental chaos was firmly ordered by a persistent memory--one that had long been dormant but which refused to be forgotten.

The unyielding core of this memory was a cool, clear, ringing note--she tried to hold it back, to keep it from spinning its full thread, but it wouldn't be checked, and her mind gave her up to remembering.

It had been an odd compulsion that drove her alone to that dingy little nightclub on 34th street. Something in her wouldn't be satisfied except by the sharp, intense cadenzas of that particular trumpet. As she entered the smokey basement, a clear, full wailing note hung in the air, like the long, still glide of a water-bird, and she knew that it was this she had been seeking.

The table was covered with ancient, greasy splotches of candle-wax; the chair was hard and uncomfortable; the acrid atmosphere stung her eyes. But she couldn't notice. The trumpet player was diffusing a wild series of notes, and she was trasnported out of herself into a sphere of pure sensual pleasure. This was her need fulfilled--escape into unreality, to a state of being that transcended corporeal bonds.

She lit a cigarette, then crushed it, unaware. She couldn't see what the trumpet player looked like. The all-consuming element was the marvelous music of his instrument. It seemed that he were the instrument, and the horn a thing alive, vibrant and gleaming, singing its brassy song only for her.

For more than three hours she listened, not caring for the passage of time. Finally the trumpet was exhausted. The metallic snap of instrument cases shook her out of her reverie. She realized that she too was exhausted, and she stood up unsteadily and half stumbled up the bare cement steps and out the door. The cold night air slapped her sharply, shaking the numbness out of her short, careless hair. She looked at her watch, faintly noting that it was three in the morning. There was something important about this watch; perhaps it was given to her--by someone...A vague gnawing told her that someone would be worried, but whoever he was, he seemed dim and far away, an indistinct face in another world.

There was a corona around the street-lamp. As she walked, the click of her heels resounded hollowly on the sidewalk. It was dark, foggy, but she was unconscious of fear.

Then, suddenly, she heard two sets of footsteps--her own and the heavy, measured stride of a man, steadily overtaking her. Still she felt no fear. As she glanced over her shoulder, the footsteps materialized in a shadowy form. She didn't quicken her pace and the bulk took on human features. She somehow knew that it was the trumpet player, but this wasn't because she recognized him physically.

He said nothing; he merely fell into step beside her. The smoke from his cigarette blended with the fog, so that its burning end was a disembodied patch of fiery brightness in the hazy night. She reached into her bag and took out another cigarette.

--Light?

Wordlessly he struck a match. It flared against the darkness, momentarily throwing a shadowy golden light on his face, emphasizing the deep-set eyes and prominent brows.

--Thanks.

They walked several more feet, and he speculated, but rejected in turn several conclusions. She seemed not to belong to any one category of women, she was a fusion of unrelated elements. He finally settled for,

--You're new.

--Yes.

--I noticed you when you came in. You don't belong.

She glanced at him sharply.

--Must I. . . belong?

With a lift of his shoulders,

--No, I just wondered why you're here.

The footsteps stopped. The focal point of her vision moved inward, and was absorbed again into the memory of the golden gleaming music.

--I can't explain it. Something inside me just craved your music.

Again footsteps. He took a short, hard drag, then dropped the cigarette, crushing it beneath his heel. He almost believed her, but it was too indefinite. Ahd so was she. Most of the people who moved in his circle were types without individual identities. Their names even betrayed this--Harry, Jake, Rose, Sal--nondescript names for faceless people. This girl wasn't just a name, she was a face. He felt responsible for her, but didn't know why he should.

--What are you going to do now?

--Just walk.

--Mind if I come along?

--No.

About forty minutes passed, mostly in silence. He had smoked constantly, not nervously, but absently, from habit. She stumbled

once--there was a deep, jagged crack in the worn sidewalk. He took hold of her arm to steady her, but made no other attempt to touch her.

Their footsteps had become slower and more rhythmic. The neon sign of an all-night bar winked through the mist.

--Care for a drink?

Her affirmative monosyllable quickened their footsteps as he took her elbow and they crossed the street, then slowed again as they gained the sidewalk.

It was another dimly lit basement. A poorly dressed man sat at the end of the bar, hunched over his slackly-held whiskey glass. It was a cheap place, but neither of them noticed.

--What'll it be, folks?

--Brandy.

He turned to her. She merely nodded assent. The bartender poured two drinks. They drank slowly, thoughtfully, and at first the cognac felt brittle in her throat.

--I'm getting married Saturday.

She offered the statement for what it was worth, and felt better for having said it.

--Congratulations.

His formal but matter-of-fact acknowledgement of the statement --and of the fact that after Saturday she would never again belong entirely to herself--suddenly made the nebulous idea a reality.

Abruptly she finished the brandy--warm and soft now--and said,

--I guess I'd better go home.

He smiled at her, a slow, fatherly smile, and knew she was no longer his responsibility. And then the pieces fell into place, and

Continued on Page 39.

A Note to Mr. C(ummings)

Michele Mayotte '65

Your
springgusty
s k i p s c a t t e r e d words
dance
here there
up

down
winterchaste pages
filling them
with heartsmiles.

Progress

Marian Menges '63

Between the Safeway and the

Laundromat -- ten

Evenly spaced orange trees.

Femme Fatale

Betty Canfield '63

A ball of fur

so dependent with closed eyes

Has claws.

Love

Renate Kerris '63

He gave me a vase,

then filled it daily--

with a rose.

Journey

Marie Treacy '62

Across the window pane,

on tiptoes, a fly goes,

and nobody knows.

Wedding Day

Betty Canfield '63

A flower in white

Becomes one

With the strong fruit tree.

Where Are They Now?

Helen Jaskoski '63

Weeds and summer rain--

the drops splash

in the forgotten fountain.

Outside

Outside--
There--
Where a little wind blows,
The man shuttles,
Shuttles down and back and mows
In the sun some and trims a bit
    and digs
    and goes away
    and leaves the garden neat
    and full of the juice of green things
Rising--
And the smell of earth and leaves
Me full, too,

    of a day ago
    --or longer ago than a day,
    in a place that is not this green
    but green with the scent of hay
    and trees we could not see

    because our lips were closed
    and full of the sound of wind
    we could not hear
    because your hands were soft
    as they were square--

    and that surprised us, the wind and the green.

I would go out now,
Should arise and go out and
    know where he has dug and
    touch with my hand to feel
The earth warming
In the little sun;

But that is for a day that is not now,
For a place that is not here.

Marylu Mattson

Peg Langham '63

"Think of Something Else."

"This is a hurricane and we're caught up in a tree-house and the wind is trying to shake us down," Patty said suddenly, sitting up in bed. "And the lightning is going to flash and it'll hit our tree."

"Aw, it isn't either," said Jeff, peeking out of the covers from the other side of the room. But to make sure, he looked again at the window pane where the soft big drops were tapping. The trees outside were graying and they bent toward the room from the pressure of the summer rain.

"It isn't a hurricane, Patty, is it? And we're here in our room, not in a tree house."

"Well, then let's pretend it's a castle way up on a hill. So far up that people in the town can't see us because the clouds sit all around our castle."

"And can we walk on the clouds, Patty?"

"Yes, 'cause we know them and we each have little horse clouds that we sit on and ride around in the sky."

Jeff giggled happily. He liked it when Patty pretended because she was older and could always think of good things. Sometimes she scared him, but then she would change the story and make it nice. Patty pulled the covers up to her chin.

Now it's beginning to snow and we have to pull our blanket clouds around us to keep us warm."

Jeff crept down deeper into the covers. "Can we ever get off our castle hill, Patty?"

"Oh yes, because we have a secret slide that is all lined with velvet and we slide on it down to the ground and land on a big hill of marshmallow."

Jeff's eyes got bigger and Patty continued.

"But we don't often leave our castle because it's way up here next to heaven and sometimes we can even see and hear angels, if it's a clear day." Patty was getting excited. She sat up again. Jeff sat up too. He pushed his covers away from him and swung himself to the floor. Then he pattered across to his sister's bed.

"Gosh, do we really see angels, Patty?"

"Oh yes, and we even have a special little child angel that is our friend and tells us things that go on in heaven."

"Gee," he said, sitting down on her bed. "Do we ever get to see our guardian angel?"

"No," Patty said, "but our friend angel shows us pictures of them. Mine has long black braids with yellow bows on the end and looks

just like me. And yours has yellow hair just like you."

Patty pushed the covers away and climbed out of bed. She walked to the window and stood looking out. Then she went to her bureau and opening the top drawer pulled out a package of bubble gum. She unfolded one of the squares and pressing out the comic strip wrapper, put the paper on the top of a pile of similar wrappers.

"Seven more and I get my five pencils with my name on them."

Jeff sat looking at her. He stared at the pink gum hungrily.

"Here's some for you," she said, breaking the square in unequal pieces. She gave him the smaller one. "I get the big piece because I'm older than you."

Jeff reached for the gum. "How old do you have to be when you get to chew a whole piece? ,"he said.

"Thirteen, for a boy," she said. They sat down on her bed and chewed hard, swallowing the sweet juice noisily. Then Patty moved back under her covers. Jeff sat on the edge of the bed for a while and then asked:

"Can I get in your bed, Patty? Mine is so far away and I get scared sometimes when we start pretending."

Patty continued chewing but moved to one side, allowing enough room for her brother to crawl down into the covers.

"Let's talk about our castle again, Patty"

"Well," she said, "when I was looking out the window before, I saw our friend angel and he whispered to me when you weren't watching."

"What'd he say, huh, Patty?"

"Well." She sounded the words deliberately. "He told me I was going to die tonight."

"Oh, come on, Patty. He didn't say that."

Yes, I'm going to die tonight and go up to heaven and become an angel so that my guardian angel will have a twin."

"Oh, come on, Patty," Jeff whined, tugging her pajama sleeve. "You're not going to die."

Patty stared at him dramatically. "Yes, Jeff, I'm going to die. Move over so I can lie down and look right to die." She laid her hands across her chest and then glanced down her nose to see how her fingers were arranged. Noticing the red plastic ring on her right hand, she said:

"Tomorrow morning, when I'm dead you can have my ring, Jeff."

"Can I, Patty, really?" he whispered.

"Yes, I will it to you. But you'd better not break it. It took ten wrappers to get it."

"I'll be careful. Honest."

"Okay," she said, and closed her eyes again. "How does it look, Jeff?"

"How does what look?"

"How do I look, dead? You can't just lie there when you're dead.

You have to look right. You know like when Grandma died and everybody said she looked beautiful and peaceful, things like that."

Jeff looked at his sister. He didn't know what she meant. He just knew that Patty looked like she was asleep when she lay there with her eyes closed.

"Well, Jeff?" she said, trying to talk with as little movement as possible.

"Can I really have the ring, Patty?"

"Jeff, how do I look?" she said with annoyance. "You'd better tell me 'cause after tonight I won't be here anymore and then you'll be sorry you didn't do what I asked you to, and you'll cry 'cause you'll miss me. And we won't be able to play or pretend or anything because I'll be dead and not here anymore."

Jeff's full lower lip began to tremble. "You mean when you're dead, I'll never see you?"

"Of course. Don't you know what being dead means?"

"Aw, Pat---ty," he whined. "I don't like this. Don't do it," he said. "Let's pretend something else." And a tear fell on his pajama sleeve.

"Just tell me if I should smile when I'm dead. Like this?" and she turned the corners of her mouth slightly so that the group of freckles near her cheeks moved together. "Or like this?" and she put on a solemn look.

"I like it better when you smile, but...aw, com'on, Patty, let's not do this. I don't like it."

"Jeff, you should at least do what I ask 'cause this is the last time you'll be able to talk to me."

"Well, I'm not going to look then. I'll go to sleep."

"Okay, then you can't stay in my bed. Go back to your own bed, baby."

Jeff tried to hide his tears, but he couldn't stop sobbing.

"Oh well, don't cry," Patty said, touching him on the shoulder. We'd better go to sleep. If Mommy and Daddy hear us up, they'll get mad.

"Okay," Jeff sniffled and he started to get out of her bed.

"You can stay tonight, Jeff. After all." She couldn't help adding it, "It's my last night here." She watched Jeff's face. Jeff fell back on the bed and buried his head in the pillow.

"Don't cry, Jeff," Patty said and moved down into the covers. She lay there a while with a slight smile on her lips, her eyes tightly closed, and her hands draped dramatically across her chest. Then suddenly she sat upright in bed.

"Oh," she said. "I forgot. We'd better take our gum out." And she stuck hers to the corner of the bed post. "We don't want to choke during the night."

Sonnet on Writing a Flawed Sonnet

Marylu Mattson

Words, out-pulled, in-pushed, down-pounded,

Lined, timed, rhymed and footed,

Before I'm through you'll be round-sounded,

Fitted, knitted, set and rooted

In your rows of fine convention.

And when an eye upon you lies

I won't mistake my firm intention

But see--oho!--you sonnet-ize.

The Bard of Avon may have planned you,

But it was I who (don't deny it)

Rammed you, crammed you, even damned you

Into place, though you would fly it

And squirmed and fought the poetaster

Until I worry who is master.

Birthday in Fall

Sister Leonard C.S.J.

. . . after Dylan Thomas

It was in this year's October moment

That a sun-and-moon nodding morning woke slowly

Silent among hills and stills of sky

In sunrise

And rising higher

Cleared its vision of my valley there before it

With the green yellow and sage spread slopes bending low

And the hawk's flight black-

Hovering

My eyes wondered at this ripeness time.

From a stub of pipe sputter-water plays

My name among the ivy-growths and hollyhocks

Slush-mud smells good beneath the vines;

Underfoot

It oozes in-sides

I thought. I watched the hills drink up my day

Longing to see the sunset and watch the shadows

Still-pass in pursuit;

Waiting now

To feel the creep of cold come in.

But November gusts blew my birthday past

And an invasion of winds wild-thundered through beams

That one long night of my home's sleeping.

A brown cloud

We woke to that dawn

A burnt-orange haze screened the near noon sun

Till ash-flakes like snow fell followed by colliding

Flames and crash-cracking

Underbrush

Heating the hollows to cindered slopes.

The sight made me long for some moment

That could picture the dryweed slopes and sunbrowned earth

With the green the sage the hollyhock-

Red again

But only the rain

Came to flay the blackbark of the eucalyptus

To rinse away the embers and I felt my life

Alone till I saw

Yucca tufts

Opening to a December birth.

Characterization of Antigone

SECOND PRIZE - CABRINI
ESSAY DIVISION - $100

Jane Luecke '64

Robert F. Goheen in his book The Imagery of Sophocles' Antigone says that:

> Much of the essence of Greek tragedy is the way in which it sets human problems in some kind of final perspective involving more than the surface of life.[1]

True, Greek tragedy is not superficial drama. Its implications are deep and hidden, and yet, paradoxically, so artfully portrayed that they are obvious. Simply to read a Greek play is not enough, for a true appreciation of its content requires a study. Each character is human; each character is also symbol, of ideal, of principle, of truth, of suffering. Whatever the playright is saying, this is somehow symbolized by one of his characters. Sophocles in his play Antigone develops her character as a woman and as a symbol in various ways.

The situation in which the character is placed is the prime motivating factor for his reactions. Antigone is the victim of a curse that her father has placed on his descendants. Because of this curse, her brothers Eteocles and Polyneices quarrel about who is the rightful heir to their father's royal authority. Polyneices is driven from Thebes to Argos where he marries the daughter of King Andrastos. As one of the seven captains of the armies of Argos, he returns to Thebes in order to recapture his throne. At the Seventh Gate, the two brothers meet in combat, and, in the ensuing battle, they kill each other. Creon then becomes king and declares that Polyneices' body shall lie unburied.[2]

The Greeks believed that the burial was not only a necessity, but a duty. They felt that there was a bond that existed among men by which the living would provide for the final rest of the dead. For no "soul" could enter the Elysian Fields without a proper burial. Antigone knows that she must bury her brother, but she is threatened by Creon's decree. There is a choice to be made.

And so, Sophocles puts Antigone in a dilemma. She must choose between the law of the gods and the law of the state, the duty to family and the injustice of a king, the respect for the dead and the respect for civil authority. Faced with such choices, all of which demand her attention, she is forced to show her strong principles, pride, and sense of duty. When she chooses what she believes to be the supreme law and duty, she makes her decision and impulsively

1 Robert F. Goheen, The Imagery of Sophocles' Antigone (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1951)
2 Dudly Fitts (ed.), Greek Plays in Modern Translation (New York: The Dial Press, 1947), p. 457. All further references are to this edition.

carries out her resolution. She appears at the site where her brother's body lies unburied in a "whirlwind" (p. 471). This whirlwind is a physical expression of the inward passion which has overtaken her.

Sophocles makes Antigone triumphant in the end, but to all outward appearances it would seem that she had failed. Even though she is imprisoned and dies by her own hand, Creon's final submission to Antigone admits of her righteous principles. She loses the earthly love of Creon's son, Haimon, but gains his eternal love. "At last, his bride in the house of the dead" (p. 497). By this triumph she attains a certain dignity and retains her strength.

Dialogue provides another means for revelation of character. In the second line of the play Antigone says, "You would think that we had already suffered enough")p. 459). So Sophocles tells us that this is a woman who has suffered and will continue to suffer. This is a woman who knows suffering yet does not shrink from it. Ismene tells her that: "Impossible things should not be tried" (p. 462). Antigone, however, is impulsive. She knows that even if she fails, she has accomplished something. She will have remained loyal to God's law, for she says that the "unrecorded laws of God" are "beyond man utterly" (p. 473). She chooses to be a martyr for her cause:

> . . .You will remember
> What things I suffer, and at what man's hands
> Because I would not transgress the laws of
> heaven (p. 487).

Interplay among characters is a dramatist's chief method of character development. For, by it, he can contrast and compare. Ismene, the prudent, complacent one, is a foil for Antigone. Ismene is weak. "I beg the dead to forgive me, but I am helpless (p. 461). On the other hand, the character of Antigone wields such power that she will bow to no one, not even a king. "Creon is not strong enough to stand in my way" (p. 460). Haimon reveals something of the wisdom of Antigone when he says: "She should have all the honour that we can give her!" (p. 480). Haimon is struggling between loyalty to his father and the conviction that Antigone is right. Creon in his condemnation of Antigone shows her lack of prudence, yet also her great virtue of fortitude.

> Like father, like daughter: both headstrong,
> deaf to reason!
> She has never learned to yield (p. 473).

Creon represents the antithesis of the principle for which Antigone stands. Creon is for civil law; Antigone is for higher law. Yet his character, at the same time, corresponds to that of Antigone in his pride, stubbornness, and self-assuredness. By character interplay, the character traits of Antigone are heightened and intensified.

The chorus has many purposes in the Greek play. One of them is to show by reference various character traits. At first glance, they seem to make Antigone's devotion an unreasonable act. "Only a crazy man is in love with death" (p. 465). In the end, however, they show that she is the one who has triumphed. "Pleasure to her alone that mocks us" (p. 484). They illustrate the effect of the conflict that is going on in her mind.

> O passionate heart
> Unyielding, tormented still by the
> same winds (p. 487).

One of the few references to Antigone's womanliness comes from the chorus. "In the soft face of a girl..." (p. 484). Sophocles arouses our emotions of pity for Antigone by telling us that, even though she has the strength of a man, she has the beauty of a woman. He can make such a statement, so unrelated to the motivation, only by choral reference.

Sophocles was a master in the use of imagery, and so he employed this means to provide for a further revelation of character. Nautical images dominate this play, and they illustrate Antigone's constant struggle against destiny. Animals and nature are used to show her refusal to submit to an unjust and unreasonable law. "All are taken, tamed in the net of his mind" (p. 470). But she will not be "taken" nor "tamed," she is too strong, too devoted, too full of pride. The constant reference to the marriage bed is significant of her sacrifice for principle. The contrast of song and silence show her choice between the happiness of earth and the finality of death. The contrast of sun and darkness show her choice between the comfort of life and the cold loneliness of death. She knows death is her choice. She says: "I belong to death" (p. 476). Antigone realized her fate. She does not go to her death blindly. She chooses it; she precipitates it.

Figurative language is another of Sophocles' literary devices. By it he shows the feeling of inevitability that Antigone feels, the trap which encases her.

> ...damnation rises behind each child
> Like a wave cresting out of the
> black northeast (p. 477).

By it he shows her attention to duty. "The very light of the sun is cold to me" (p. 486). She chooses death and principle over earthly comfort and submission.

Through incident, through dialogue, through other characters, through choral reference, through imagery and figurative language, through all these means Sophocles reveals the character of Antigone, the woman, and Antigone, the symbol. As woman, she is passionate, compulsive, devoted, strong, loyal, proud. She loves greatly; she is not self-seeking. As symbol, she is principle fighting injustice, devotion rivaling pride, divine law reigning over civil

law. Through her, we see how suffering brings triumph and how suffering wins wisdom.

And so, Greek drama does require a study. We have seen and studied Sophocles' Antigone, the woman and the symbol,

> ...This last flower of Oedipus' line (who so)
> Drank the sunlight! but now a passionate
> word
> And a handful of dust have closed up all its
> beauty (p. 477).

Marian Menges '63

Saul's Song

With hands as deft as prophets' tongues
He picked the silent music from my heart
And formed the sounds of my confusion
Into melody as soft as morning dreams.

The song he made rained cool
Upon the heat of my desire.

His youth was fair to see as morning
Weaving sunlight in a field of Moab wheat,
His eyes as bright as amethysts and
Flashing like a warrior's shield new-oiled.

His song, like marriage wine,
Gave strength and joy.

I might have let his melody invade
The shuttered silence of my love--
But for that other, longer line of Kings
To bring to full fruition David's song.

CATHOLIC DAUGHTERS AWARD $25

Picasso's Guernica

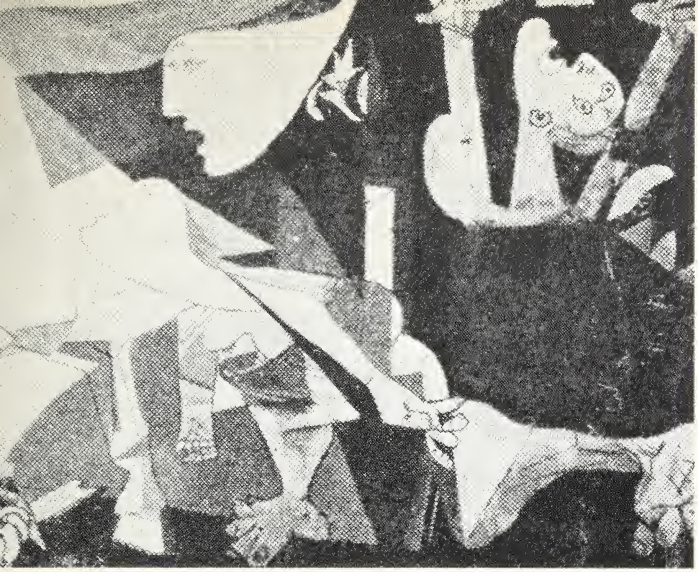
Pablo Picasso is the outstanding artist of the twentieth century. His works are inseparably connected with the history of modern art, for no one man has offered so many ideas or seemed to find so many ways of looking at the world. To a great extent, Pablo Picasso is a history of modern art in himself.[2]

For so varied a talent there is a refreshing no-nonsense quality about him; he is very practical. This quality of practicality as well as that of versatility is apparent in one of his most famous paintings, Guernica. I shall discuss here the origin of Guernica, signs in it of Picasso's previous periods, its composition, and its symbolism.

The first we shall deal with is the origin of Guernica. Picasso was commissioned in January of 1937 to paint a mural for the Spanish Government Building at the Paris World Fair, but he did not begin work until May the first, two days after the news of the bombing of the Basque town, Guernica, by the Germans. The town was defenseless and without any military significance; the bombing was carried out as a military experiment and killed a large portion of its inhabitants.[3] Guernica is Picasso's expression of his abhorrence of the military abuses which had sunk Spain into such an ocean of pain and death.

Guernica, however, is not absolutely new.[4] There is evidence of Picasso's previous periods in it. We see signs of his Cubist period,

1 David M. Robb, History of Painting (New York: Harper Brothers, 1951), p. 9
2 Michael J. Phillips, Time (December 1, 1961), p. 68
3 Robb, op. cit., p. 939
4 Ibid., p. 942. It is interesting to note that most of Picasso's paintings are representative of both continuing and new elements in his style.



Elna Hlavety '65

1907-1914, in the subdued color and in the viewing of some of the objects from different angles simultaneously--from multiple points of view. These are the principles upon which Cubism is based.[5] Moreover, the human forms in Guernica resemble the massive figures painted during his Neo-Classic period, 1916-1920, although the figures in Guernica are grotesque and more exaggerated than they were at that time. The foreshortening of the heads also suggests the Neo-Classic period. During the later twenties the abstract style, as seen in Guernica, appeared in subdued grays; also at this time there was a renewed interest in sculpture and dimensional modeling, experiments that he has continued spasmodically down to the present.

Again, the bullfight series of 1933-35 provides the shrieking horse, while the Crucifixion of 1930 is comparable in its iconographic complexity and certain details. The Minotauromachy of 1935 anticipates the Guernica in the dramatic relationship between the bull and the woman holding the lamp over the dying horse. Then, in a painting done five months before Guernica, The Dream and Lie of France, appears the bull ring symbolism which was a direct prelude to Guernica.

The origin of Guernica leads us directly to its composition. For all the general abstract character of the forms and the design of the picture, there are within its composition some recognizable shapes

5 Reginald Wilenski, The Modern Movement in Art (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1926), p. 161

--human beings screaming, hurrying from a burning house, dying and dead. Other things seen are: an eyeshaped form which has an electric bulb for a pupil, and which shines on the head of a shrieking horse; a woman holding a lamp over the horse's head; a bull surveying the scene of suffering and destruction.

The relationship these things have to each other is brought out through the formal design of the whole: the sweeping movement from right to left. The lack of color, for the design is in black, white, and gray, and the contrasting of hues and values emphasize the formal design of the whole. The severe colors also stress the complex design of interpenetrating planes.

This composition is flat for the most part, though there are suggestions of foreshortening in some of the figures and fragmentary intimations of space in the angles. It is clearly divided into half; and the halves are cut by diagonals which together form an obvious, gable-shaped angle which suggests the pedimental composition of a Greek temple.

Guernica carries a symbolic meaning. It was a public statement intended to arouse the people against the horror of war and, implicityly, the German bombers. It was a historical protest against brutal and wanton destruction. The geometric solids serve to show this, and to suggest the confusion and augment the explosive emotions of the scene. The many linear distortions communicate the horror of the tormented women and children.

The bull in Guernica represents brutality and darkness; it is the symbol of implacable power. It can be broadly identified with the forces of evil. The horse represents the people and the good forces. Picasso says of his painting, "the Guernica mural is symbolic... allegoric. That is the reason I used the horse, the bull, and so on. The mural is for the definite expression and solution of a problem and that is why I used symbolism."[6] Picasso set forth in masterly terms an indictment of the evils of modern totalitarianism and his conviction that artis the best means for affirming the pre-eminent worth of individual beings.

In Guernica, then, we see the creatively challenging artist, Picasso; a man who completed this twenty-five foot canvas in a month; a man whose productivity during five war years equaled the amount some artists do in a life time. Pablo Picasso, today at eighty years of age, is still in full creative activity.[8] He remains the outstanding artist of the twentieth century.

6 Picasso, quoted by Alfred H. Barr, Picasso (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1946), p. 202.

7 Helen Gardner, Art Through the Ages (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959), p. 705

8 Jacques Lassaigne, Spanish Painting (Switzerland: Albert Skira, 1952), p. 141

The Pier

Liz Hein '65

A pier is candy apples

and fish heads. It sways

with crude words and

strong-armed pulleys;

and becomes still

with old men and

slacking lines.

I'd Rather

Liz McCready '62

I'd rather

lather in a bath

of hot, soft, bubbly

water than

shower

in a tower-

like stall.

Well--that's all.

Canto XXVII (Inferno)

Michele Mayotte '65

As I watched it swirl, the
Rainbowed ring subsided until
It came completely to a stop.

Within the ring there stood
A man all in white, bent over
By a heavy circlet round his neck.

He appeared to be the leader,
For when he raised his hand
The boisterous shouting stopped.

Then I could distinguish among
The motley crowd strange
Individuals in various conditions.

Some resembled the leaves of
October and carried large
Irons strapped to their backs.

A sign on the irons said:
"New miracle fabrics, need
Little or no ironing."

Others were being constantly
Dipped into a pool of icy foam
And sang to rise and sink again.

Their song was inchoherent, but
I recognized the words
"Refreshing new feeling."

A group was fighting to get
Out of a briar patch; they all
Wore beards and hair like dogs.

I saw several who wore heavy
Iron casings around their middles
While chasing insects
who looked like bees.

Then the man in white walked over
To where we stood and sullenly
Lifted his eyes from the ground.

"Hail, poor burdened body,
If thou wouldst and may,
What is thy name and strange ornament?"

"I have no name but that of
the produce for which I
Am damned," he said.

I watched the beast retreat and
I thought on what had passed and
Asked my guide what lay before us.

"Your curiosity has not diminished, though
Our journey has revealed new sights,"
He said, "You hunger yet."

Whereupon I looked down and saw
A most wondrous and unusually
Brilliant circle spinning.

Not wanting to ask my guide
Again and be chided for my query,
I waited as he smiled.

"I see you champ at the bit
Of asking, yet hesitate in fear
I will rebuke you," he said.

"Your fears are without cause and reason.
Because I am your guide,
I will tell you of the sinners below.

These are those who belonged to
That fraudulent group known as
The Madison Avenue Boys.

With brilliant colors and shiny,
  Empty words they sang a song
  Sweeter than that of any siren.

They fooled the public with rhyme
  And tune, and blue and red squared
  Boxes marked with letters are their sin."

I looked to where my guide pointed
  And saw what he had said
  Was true though brief.

Unable to distinguish any one,
  I watched the colors madly
  Spin and heard a buzzing sound.

"This yoke you see that drags
  Me to the ground is but the
  Ring that marks the real thing.

And myself, like the original bearer
  Of the seal, am dragged down
  And debased because of it.

Now I must return to the race,
  For once begun, it must go on,
  And the runners always lose."

With that he left before I
  Had a chance to burden him still
  Further with my questions.

I turned to Virgil and he
  Beckoned me to follow him
  Beyond the frenzied dance.

"Let us not linger here," he said.
  "These sinners are not worth watching now,
  Nor were they during their lives."

We walked away and Virgil
  Looked ahead, but I looked back
  To see the brilliant colors,

And longed to dance with them.

What Frances Saw

Helen Jaskoski '63

I came across the kaleidoscope the other day. I was packing some of Frances' things to send to her, and I fished it out of her mess of scrapbooks, invitations, postcards and old jewelry. I held it to my eye for the first time since the storm when we were children; only this time I made myself look through it. It was one of those that is only mirrors, without any pieces of colored glass, and I watched the books and chairs and windows in the room break into triads of mirrored patterns that shifted and merged as I turned the cylinder. . .

Frances got the kaleidoscope at a carnival. David won it pitching pennies, and he gave it to her because she said she wanted it.

"What is it?" she asked him. He handed it to her.

"A kaleidoscope. Look through it."

"But it doesn't have anything inside it," she said.

"Doesn't it work?" I asked. I wanted him to get a panda with blue glass eyes.

"Look." I held it up, and the horses on the merry-go-round divided into six tiny horses that collided into each other and swallowed each other up; the ferris wheel shattered into six lacy circles that paired and joined and lost themselves and reappeared.

"I don't like it," I said. "I like the ones with colors in them, they're prettier. This just has the same things in it." I looked at the panda; six tiny pandas glared back at me with twenty-four blue glass eyes.

I got it for Frances," David said. He took it from me and looked through it. Then he said, "I'll take you for a ride on the merry-go-round." He handed the kaleidoscope to Jim.

I knew Jim would like it. He liked everything Frances liked. "It's funny to see things this way," he said. "I like it better than the ones with the colors inside. It's better, isn't it, Frances?"

She took it out of his hands. "Yes, it is," she said. Then she smiled. "Only you don't know how to work it right." She pointed it at David. "But I do. I can see David. Only now there are three Davids and they're all little. But if I walk close enough I will see inside his eyes. Inside of David. Do you want me to see inside of you, David?"

"No." He put his hand in front of the glass.

"Can you see inside me?" Jim asked her.

"Yes." She walked toward him and he made his eyes open wide. "David doesn't want me to see inside of him," she said, "but I can see in you. I can see right down inside of you with my kaleidoscope, and everything is there upside down and sideways and in a circle.

Shall I tell you what I see?'

"Yes." His eyes were open so wide they began to water. His nose almost brushed the glass.

"Not yet," she said. She put it down and spoke gravely to him. "I have to practice. When I do, I'll see everything that's inside of you, and then I'll know everything about you. Even what nobody in the world knows. But I have to practice with my kaleidoscope."

I didn't want her to try to see inside of me. "I want to ride on the merry-go-round," I said. David gave me a dime and we got on, and Jim gave Frances a dime and they climbed up in front of us and rode side by side on a pair of white horses.

After that David and Frances and I rode the ferris wheel. We asked Jim if he wanted to ride with us, but he said that he got sick from being in high places. I thought maybe he was just scared, but I was eleven and I thought it was all right for little kids like Jim to be scared. Because he was only eight. Frances and David didn't say anything about it, either. Frances pointed the kaleidoscope at Jim, but I didn't think she could see inside him. He looked too small when we were that far above him. Then it was time to go home.

That evening we told Mother and Father about all the rides we went on and all the things we won. But we didn't tell them that Frances said she could see inside of people with the kaleidoscope. We never thought of telling them. I asked Father if people could really get sick from being up high and he said yes.

When I went up to bed that night Frances was sitting in my window, pointing the kaleidoscope at the Halloway's house.. I asked her what she was doing. She smiled at me the way she had smiled at Jim Halloway that afternoon and said, "Practicing." I looked out the window, but all I could see was the window of the Halloway's dining room. Mrs. Halloway was sitting at the table writing a letter and Mr. Halloway was standing in the door with his pipe in his hand.

"You can't see Jim. He's probably gone to bed. You can't even see his window from here."

Frances was still looking. "Mrs. Halloway is writing with six pens on six pieces of blue paper," she commented. After that she never told me what she saw in the kaleidoscope.

But she would sit in the window every night after David and I had gone to bed, turning the cylinder of the kaleidoscope and watching the Halloway's windows. She could hardly ever see Jim, but it never seemed to make any difference to her. She just sat in the window in the middle of the night, tiny and silent as a waiting bird. If I ever asked her what she saw or what she was doing she answered "I'm practicing. I'm practicing on Jim."

The summer went by, and we played outside together under our apricot tree, until it was Jim's birthday and time for school to start.

After that, Frances didn't practice with the kaleidoscope so much. She and David went to school that year for the first time, and she used to come and sleep with me, then, instead of going every night to sleep with him in the old nursery. I wished she wouldn't practice at all.

Sometimes when we were all playing after school with Jim I wanted to tell him what Frances was doing. But I couldn't think what to say to him. I didn't know why, then, he should mind if Frances thought she could know everything about him. I didn't want her to, but I thought Jim might think I was afraid of her if I tried to tell him. She was younger than all of us.

We played tag in the piles of fallen leaves from the apricot tree, and watched them blow away around it while it stood bare against the ice-blue sky and gray clouds. Then spring and summer came, and the tree, covered with tiny white blossoms, looked like a cloud.

We didn't go to the carnival that year because David and Jim and I had the measles. Frances didn't get the measles. She said she didn't want ugly red spots all over her. I wondered if that was the reason she wasn't sick like the rest of us.

When we all played together outside for the first time that summer we saw that all the flowers had gone from the apricot tree, and green leaves and little fuzzy green apricots had come instead. Our favorite thing that summer was pretending. We pretended all the stories we heard, about prisoners and pirates and Indians and ghosts. The apricot tree was the haunted tower where Frances was held captive, the mainmast of Captain David's pirate ship, the mountain from where I saw the campfires of our Indian enemies. But we liked best to make up our own things to pretend; they were better than just ordinary pirates or Indians or ghosts.

Frances never practiced then, and the kaleidoscope lay untouched on the window sill. I almost forgot about waking in the middle of the night to see my sister sitting in the window, watching the house next door. And during the days the apricots went from green to yellow to deep soft gold while we played in the branches and shadow of the apricot tree.

The week before Jim's birthday we began to pick the apricots. One day David climbed the tree and found that they were ripe on top where the sun shone most. He ate one and then called down to us, "Hey, these apricots are ripe. Let's pick the good ones." I came up and we picked apricots and threw them down to Frances and Jim. Frances wanted to pick some too, and David and I came down. She climbed to the very top and perched there, like a sparrow, and ate the ripest ones she could find.

Then she looked down at us and said. "These are not apricots. They are golden apples. I am a princess and those are my golden apples from my enchanted tree." Then she came down from the tree.

Every day after that, before Jim's birthday and we had to go back to school, Frances and David and I would climb up the tree to pick the apricots.

But two nights before Jim's birthday a storm came. I woke in the middle of the night and saw Frances sitting in the window. She held the kaleidoscope to her eye.

I crept to the window and looked out, but the water was running so fast down the glass I couldn't even see the house next door. Frances held the kaeidoscope out to me and whispered, "You can see if you want to. The lightning." But I didn't want to see in it; I closed my eye instead of looking out the little hold, and waited. Frances was in bed when I took it away from my eye, and I laid it on the window sill and went back to bed.

The next day we all went out and picked up all the apricots that had blown down during the storm. We could see some left on the tree, and Frances climbed up to see how many there were.

When she came down she smiled her smile at Jim and said to him, "Today you are a famous prince and you are coming to rescue me from my cruel stepmother. You must climb the enchanted tree and bring me three golden apples."

Jim started to climb the apricot tree for Frances. He didn't even even go halfway to the top; I could see his knees stiffen and his eyes blink. My hands were damp inside while I watched him climb. I remembered what he said about the ferris wheel. He picked three apricots and dropped them from his hand one at a time; they rolled past Frances and she went to pick them up. He came down very slowly, and his eyes were shut when his foot stretched down and found solid ground underneath.

Frances picked up the apricots and Jim bent down to tie his shoe. She looked over his head and said. "These are not the golden apples. The golden apples grow only at the very top of the enchanted tree."

"Don't be silly," I said. "If it's an apple tree it's got apples all over it. Even if it is enchanted."

She looked gravely at Jim. "Today is not the day I will be rescued," she said. "Tomorrow is the birthday of the prince and on that day he will climb to the very top of the tree and bring the princess the golden apples." Jim was tying his other shoe. I saw a June-bug buzzing close to his ears and David told him not to move. We caught the bug and put it on the end of a string so it flew in a circle, and we forgot all about the apricots.

That night Frances slept in David's room. It was the last time she ever did it. But I woke in the middle of the night again and I saw her silhouetted in my window. I got up and looked out. The lawn was silver under the moon with the shadow of our apricot tree stretched long and thin on it between the two houses. I could hear the leaves rustle and the crickets throb.

Frances had the kaleidoscope but she wasn't looking at the window. She was pointing at the shadow of the tree. I wanted to hit

Continued on Page 36

The Brink

How often does it happen

do you think

that standing on the edge of meaning

lies the perfect word.

Once the brink of feeling

has been sought,

ought we to render consummate

that which we thought or felt,

or rather, merge them in one statement;

consummate one act.

To say I wish you joy would be a fact;

it's only part of what is true;

I could wish it to anyone.

There is that which renders each thing done.

It would be more to say I wish you, you.

Judy Krommer '63

Of Wind Ways

Peg Langhans '63

The pungent sound of silence verges
on fragrance. Here wind-strength urges
gentleness and a roar becomes
a whisper. Here the un-said hums
in the wind's throat and labors
to say what wind alone bears
wordless. For only wind gentles
with wildness this power that flavors
my love, soaring about our ears,
whipping the grass around our ankles.

The World is a Stage

Sister Leonard C.S.J.

and we stand
to look bright-lightly
on the sunset of things

thinking our parts
parcelled out on thin bits of paper
and annotated by many hands.

But the silver light still
shines high and blinds us to
the intricacies of complicated plots.

We move, we rise, we stride around
props; we speak and stumble
meaning, pattern, and act.

As staid, straight-backed silhouettes
standing against a gold-growing-pink
and silvering sunset sky,

we watch the players pass
to wings and back-drop boards
until we stand the stage alone.

FIRST PRIZE - CABRINI
SHORT STORY DIVISION - $200

The Tryst

Sue Donovan '62

A screen door slammed. Dorothea stiffened suddenly, her square fingered hands poised motionless over the bed. She listened. Light footsteps ran through the house to the kitchen. The child was opening cupboards, and now there was a rattle of silverware. The first shock of fear eased into anxiety, and Dorothea continued the motions of making the bed. The clock on the dresser said there were forty-five minutes--there might still be time, if she had only returned to eat lunch.

She moved about the girls' room, dusting and straightening, always listening. Her mouth hung slightly open as she concentrated on sounds from the kitchen. Dorothea's face had no definite age, empty of wrinkles yet too colorless to be young. Her hair was in curlers and the cotton skirt hung loose at her waist. She gave a final glance to the room and turned toward the kitchen.

Brown eyes greeted her over a glass of milk. "Hi, Aunt. I got hungry."

"Well, why don't you make yourself a sandwich?"

"Okay. Where's Mom and Margaret?"

"They went shopping to buy some stockings for Margaret," she answered, pouring herself a cup of cold coffee.

"Hah! I guess ol' Margaret thinks nylon stockings will make the boys ask her to dance tonight, huh?"

Dorothea said nothing. The child continued, spreading mayonnaise on a slice of bread. "Hah! I bet I'll never get so silly about any ol' dancing class."

Dorothea watched as she put the top carefully on her sandwich and sat down at the kitchen table.

"Did they have dancing class when you were young, Aunt Dorothea?"

"Of course they did," the woman laughed. "I never went, though . . ."

"Maybe that's why you never got married, because you can't dance," the child observed, her eyes questioning above the sandwich-stuffed cheeks.

"I can too dance!" Dorothea retorted. She rinsed her cup and placed it upside down on the sink.

"Did my daddy know how to dance? I bet he used to dance with Mom a lot, huh?"

"Yes," Dorothea answered. "They danced a lot. Now you go on

back to Jo Ann's house. I have a lot of work to do."

"Okay. Ol' Jo Ann and me are building a dollhouse. Bye," she called as she ran through the living room and out the front door.

Dorothea put the sandwich meat and milk back in the refrigerator and wiped the sink carefully. A glance at the clock brought back the mood of pleasant excitement. Thirty-five more minutes. Plenty of time and she had the house to herself again. She touched her hand to the hair twisted around the metal curlers. She'd better leave it up til the last moment. She liked to leave it up as long as possible anyway. There was such a nice sense of anticipation, of a surprise coming when she took it down.

"Maybe I'll change my dress first," she calculated. She walked through the house to the room she shared with her sister, noting that a child's sweater lay out to be mended and that some funny-books had fallen beneath a coffee table. Plenty of time to catch these things later. Now she was busy, but later there would be time.

Opening the closet she shared with Marian, she went through the familiar clothes--Marian's neat office dresses and her own cotton housedresses. She wanted something special. The red one with the white stripes was her favorite, but she had worn it yesterday. Her hand lingered on her very favorite, a turquoise wool dress of Marian's. Did she dare? Just this once? Defiantly but carefully she pulled the dress out of the closet and hung it on the door.

She took off the pink blouse and flowered skirt that had been Margaret's and hung them across the chair. First she would wash her face. She didn't want to take the chance of getting Marian's dress spotted. She sudsed her face thoroughly and rubbed it with a towel.

Dorothy stared into the bathroom mirror. A scrubbed, thirty-two year old face stared back at her. Under stubby lashes her hazel-nut eyes darted back and forth across the mirror. It was the curlers, of course. Nobody looked pretty in curlers. She fumbled in the drawer for a lipstick and traced an uneven line around her mouth. Little red particles trickled down the sides. Now for the dress. Her shoes she couldn't change. They would think it was strange if she put on a pair of heels. She guessed her flats would have to do.

She unbuttoned the dress and lifted it over her head, taking care not to get lipstick on it. She buttoned the neck and belted it around her skimpy waist. Now the hair. Dorothea always liked this moment, when everything was ready and waiting for the transformation that might come when the curlers came out. She felt the hairs again. A few strands in back had come out.

"Oh, darn!" she said out loud. Her voice was small in the empty house. Mechanically her fingers reached for pins and curlers. Brown hair, not quite clean, wrinkled in bunches around her neck. She brushed vigorously, knitting her straggly eyebrows. When she was done the brown bunches had smoothed into a stiff little roll that

stretched from ear to ear. A few strands in back hung limply.

Dorothea turned away from the mirror. It wouldn't look right with these shoes, anyway. The shoes were too bad, but she didn't quite have courage to change them. Next week she would have to go downtown one day, and that day she could wear heels. She could tell him she had to go shopping then.

Twelve forty-five. It was nearly time. He usually came a little before one. She wandered to the screen door and stood watching the street. Mrs. Bower was washing today, even though it was Saturday. Dorothea could see her going back and forth with bundles of clothes. Perhaps she would ask Dorothea to iron Mr. Bower's white shirts. Dorothea hoped so; the glass jar on her dresser was almost empty again. Mr. Bower wore white shirts every day. He was a very large man. He was nice, though. Further down the street the woman in the courts was shouting at her little boy. Mrs. Sorenson from the corner passed, her shopping cart clacking against the sidewalk. She was a nice lady. She always looked tired. She and Mrs. Bower went out together sometimes. Dorothea had seen them. Maybe they had coffee together in the morning, too. Some day she ought to invite Mrs. Bower over for coffee. It would be fun. She wished Mrs. Bower would invite her first.

He was late. She went to the kitchen and looked at the clock. No, it wasn't one yet. She went outside and examined the mail box. She still didn't hear anything. Wait!---there he was! Still a block away, though.

She ran to the bedroom to get a quarter, and went outside to stand on the steps. The yellow truck slowed to a stop, and a big, gray haired man smiled heartily. "Well, well, his warm voice called out, "Don't you look pretty today! What'll it be this afternoon?"

"One doughnut, please," she stammered. She dropped the money in his hand and hurried back up the steps, lifting her head only for a quick wave to Mrs. Bower. The screen door banged shut behind her.

Back in the kitchen she stood quite still for a moment, clutching the doughnut. Then she set it on the table and hurried to the bedroom. Her pulse slowed gradually as she hung Marian's dress carefully back in the closet and picked up the cotton blouse and skirt that had been Margaret's.

FIRST PRIZE ATLANTIC $100

FIRST PRIZE CABRINI $150

Kites

Judy Krommer '63

Every consolation of a kite is up:

We stay, control in hand, below--

point: there I am;

let out some string, but know

that kite extended is still kite attached;

prisoner and the prison oddly matched

until the sad persistent patient reach

shows us how it happens: shows the breach

And so we aid the fugitive in his flights:

the things that fly reserve direction rights.

Deference is the joy in that we know;

and knowing that, we quietly

let go.

her. I went into David's room where he was lying awake in bed and I said to him," "Frances is sitting in the window practicing. On Jim. I don't want her to; come in and make her stop." Even though I knew he wouldn't. He couldn't stop Frances from anything and he didn't care either.

But he came with me. He walked over to her and put his hand over the end of the kaleidoscope. She took his hand and put it down and kept on looking.

"She's practicing," I hissed at him. "That's what she used to do all the time. She wanted to see inside of Jim so she could know everything about him. She shouldn't. I don't want her to. Make her stop."

He looked at her again. She took the thing away from her eye and smiled at him."No,"he said." She's not practicing."He went back to his own room. Frances laid the kaleidoscope on the window sill and went back to bed. It was the last time she looked in it.

That was the night Jim got sick. Father and Mother didn't tell us much then. Just that Jim got sick in the night and that Mr. and Mrs. Halloway took him in the hospital. Somewhere, I got the idea that he had been sleepwlaking, that he fell; somehow, we found out what kind of sickness hehad. Sometimes, when we were growing up, I tried to imagine Jim--like us, growing, taller, stronger, yet never knowing, never remembering. But all I could see was a kid in a T shirt and blue jeans, trying to climb an apricot tree.

I asked David once, not too long after he was married, if he wanted the kaleidoscope for his own children. He said he didn't think anybody wanted the kaleidoscope, unless I did. I had to smile. "You forget," I told him," I always wanted a panda with blue glass eyes. But Frances always gets what she wants." He raised his eyebrows. "Did you ever notice that?"

"Frances never asks for what she knows she can't have," he said. "But she knows. . .now. . .What she can? What she wants? Who knows. . ."

I put the kaleidoscope back on the window sill and finished packing. I left it there when I moved out.

A Murderer's Dreams

Claudia Hart '65

The mysterious world of dreams often kindles the first spark toward the understanding of a person's inner beliefs, desires, and strivings. Intricately woven into the character of Raskolnikov, the main figure in Dostoyevsky's novel Crime and Punishment (Random House, Incorporated, 1950), we find this quality in dreams. Through out the book the author presents these dreams or experiences of delirium in an attempt to give the reader an insight into the real inner self of Raskolnikov.

Each of his four dreams presents Raskolnikov's idea of a small privileged class of extraordinary individuals who have a right to commit crimes and to transgress the law; yet each time he concludes that this theory is a fraud, for he cannot justify it. Each dream also symbolizes some facet of the murder he has committed and reveals Raskolnikov's attitudes toward this crime. In this paper I will discuss each of the four dreams, attempting to show what the dreams symbolize and how each represent's Raskolnikov's Napoleonic theory of the rights of extraordinary persons. I will devote more time to the consideration of the first dream because it contains many important elements which follow in the three remaining dreams.

Near the very beginning of the story, Raskolnikov recedes into his childhood in a dream depicting a helpless nag being cruelly beaten by its owner. A crowd appears on the scene. Some laugh wildly, particularly "a fat rosy-cheeked woman" (p. 57) who is cracking nuts; others scorn the owner for his cruelty by calling him a "devil" (p. 58). But the owner screams out three times, "It's my property. I'll do what I choose" (p. 58). Finally someone calls for an axe and the owner deals the fatal blow to the horse. The small boy Raskolnikov rushes to the mare, kissing the "bleeding dead head" (p. 59), but he is torn away by his father.

The mare in this dream represents four of the women in this novel who suffer in some way because of Raskolnikov's deeds and who have appeared in recent scenes. The first of these is a pawnbroker whom Raskolnikov has recently visited and whom he soon kills. Secondly, the dying horse portrays the daughter of Marmeladov, a man whom Raskolnikov has just met in a tavern and who has told Raskolnikov his sad life's story. The man's daughter Sonia has been forced to sacrifice her honor and dignity in order to support her father's family, by living as a prostitute. Raskolnikov falls in love with her and causes her much mental anguish because of his misdeeds. Moreover, the horse symbolizes Raskolnikov's sister, Dounia, who is giving up her real happiness for a forthcoming marriage to Mr. Luzhin in order to obtain money for her family. Because

of her brother's cruel attitudes and actions toward both her fiance and the pawnbroker, Dounia endures many sufferings. And lastly the mare represents a drunken girl whom Raskolnikov has recently encountered on the street and who was being followed by a suspicious looking man. At first it seems as if Raskolnikov is going to aid this girl, but all of a sudden "a complete revulsion of feeling" (p. 51) comes over him, and he leaves the scene without helping her directly.

The owner's idea that he has a right to kill the horse since it is his property displays Raskolnikov's theory about the small privileged class of individuals with extraordinary rights. But the persons in the crowd who condemn the cruel beating show that this theory is not accepted generally. The murder of the pawnbroker, which Raskolnikov has been considering and which will soon become a reality, is also portrayed, for an axe is called upon for use as a fatal weapon. Raskolnikov has already determined that his weapon should be an axe, and here this determination becomes vivid in his subconscious mind. And the blood on the mare's head foreshadows the pool of blood which Raskolnikov finds on the floor after the murder.

In his second dream, Raskolnikov imagines that his landlady is "howling, shrieking, and wailing, rapidly, hurriedly, incoherently, so that he could not make out what she was talking about; she was beseeching, no doubt, not to be beaten, for she was being mercilessly beaten on the stairs" (p. 115). He pictures her assailant, Ilya Petrovitch, the police assistant, to be in search of him for the murder of the pawnbroker. But gradually the uproar begins to subside and all the noise fades away.

Here Raskolnikov views himself alternately as the victim and the assailant. In each case society is his opponent. As the victim he is plagued by society, and as the assailent he is flaying society for its worthlessness. And in this attitude he again displays his Napoleonic theory in that he has a right to defy the decadent society. But through it all he fears self-destruction and so his theory is invalid.

Raskolnikov's third dream entails a recurrence of the murder. While walking in the street, Raskolnikov recognizes the man who had that very day addressed him as "murderer" (p. 267). He unknowingly follows this man to the scene of the murder and finds the door of the pawnbroker's flat " standing wide open" (p. 271). He envisages "something like a cloak hanging on the wall" (p. 272), and behind it he finds "the old woman bent double so that he couldn't see her face" (p. 272). Twice again he strikes her with the axe, but she does not move. When he bends down and peeks up into her face from below, she is "shaking with noiseless laughter" (p. 272). Imagining that he hears whispers and other noises in the bedroom, Raskolnikov hits her head over and over again, but "at every blow of the axe the laughter and whispering from the bedroom grew louder and the old woman was simply shaking with mirth" (p. 272). Upon trying to run out of the flat, Raskolnikov encounters crowds on the landing and stairs "huddled together in silence and expectation.

Something gripped his heart, his legs were rooted to the spot, they would not move....He tried to scream and woke up" (p. 272)

Like all other criminals, Raskolnikov has relived his murder in a most vivid manner--in this case, a dream. But this dream has an important significance in the story, for it is the first time he acknowledges that he is a murderer. And just as a laughing woman cracking nuts was present in his first dream, here again is a laughing woman. Yet this dream has still not been able to justify Raskolnikov's Napoleonic theory, for the murderer's rights are challenged by the crowds on the landing and stairs. We can see the pangs of Raskolnikov's conscience tormenting him in the noises he imagines that he hears in the bedroom and in his paralyzed fright at the sight of the onlooking crowds.

The fourth and final dream occurs while Raskolnikov is "feverish and delirious" (p. 528) in the prison hospital. He dreams that some new sorts of microbes are attacking the bodies of men, making them mad and furious. Yet these men feel that they are almost perfect. For some strange reason all men and all things are involved in the destruction of one another. "Only a few men could be saved in the whole world. They were a pure chosen people, destined to found a new race and a new life, to renew and purify the earth, but no one has seen these men, no one had heard their words and their voices" (p. 529).

In this dream the murder theme was used again. And just as Raskolnikov had felt that he was justified in killing the old pawnbroker, these men feel no compunction in their murderous attacks. And in this further attempt to justify his theory of a few privileged men, Raskolnikov envisages these few men who can be saved. But since these men never appear, his theory is entirely shattered. At last he is forced to conclude that his Napoleonic theory is a complete fraud.

And so in this murderer's dreams we see a desperate attempt to rationalize his crime through a theory of extraordinary rights. His heart, his mind, and his conscience are all opened up in these dreams, and his mind's inner workings become visible. But regardless of his delirious state, this murderer sees the infamy in his crime and finally realizes that his theory is worthless.

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he could see the difference between her and the people of his world --she loved, and was loved.

--Yeah, you've got a lot to do.

And as she stood up, automatically smoothed her skirt and picked up her purse and gloves, she remembered a face, and she walked out without looking back, and the trumpet player signalled the bartender for a refill. Placing both elbows on the bar, he held the full glass up to the light, and gazed into the clear amber liquid.

In the Smoker

Helen Jaskoski '63

what is (spades)

unspoken

the question

death.

is not.

I'll answer that

don't ask

no (spades) one did

ever does

cigarettes. Or (clubs) can

?

the question

is

this one is

don't worry

nobody asks

what is?

fingernail polish is

it's who (clubs) ever

has is

who asked (spades)

?life. Wash your hands in--

no one said truth

7-up.

For (diamonds) get it

(hearts)

?

forget it

if has is (diamonds)

definitely

it

is

.

the question?

hearts. you lose.